

Boys Will Be Boys and Books Be Read

Some Rousing Reading

By EDWARD N. TEALL.

APPARENTLY the publishers do not believe that the boys are too much preoccupied with actual war work—in which they really are engaged with fine fervor—to have time and inclination for the reading of stories. Indeed, the publishers do not limit themselves to stories with "war interest"—though it is true that many more of the juveniles have it than lack it.

Brewer Coreoran plays it up strong in his story, *The Boy Scouts of Kendallville*. When, in glancing over the leaves—that first delicious preliminary, anticipating glance!—you happen upon a sentence like the one at the top of page 204, you don't have to worry about the pro-American quality of the tale: "Don't pat a Hun pup with one hand unless you've got half a brick in the other." The chap who says that is a veteran of the Princess Pats. He and Dick Hall, Boy Scout, are pals—and a dandy pair! They save a munition plant from German plotters. The story is told with plenty of boy slang, which gives it pep without coarseness. It's clean, it moves fast, and is just as "gripping"—and much more sound and healthful as literary diet—as we used to think Nick Carter, untold ages ago.

Boy Scouts go to the South Seas with Edwin C. Burritt in *Cameron Island*—or, rather, return there, for these are the same fellows whose adventures were narrated in *The Boy Scout Crusoes*. This time they are in search of "specimens," floral, geological, faunal. They get stranded in the sand, lost in a cave, captured by marauding Malays, mixed up in a volcanic eruption, shipwrecked and rescued. The story is not diluted with facts for instruction's sake, but carries, in suspension as it were, a large amount of information that will make a worth while addition to those strangely assorted collections of bits of knowledge that form the thesaurus of a boy's growing, eager and tenacious mind.

Dillon Wallace knows Labrador, and his stories of life in the northern wilds are strong, simple and likable as the places and the people who appear in them. We don't care, and we don't believe the boys do either, for a story that doesn't carry a lesson. *Grit A-Plenty* exhibits the beauties of the simpler virtues—above all, the one that enters into the title.

Most of the Boy Scouts we have heard about were land creatures, but here is a story of *Boy Scouts at Sea*. Their nautical adventures are not just happen-so, either; for they are genuine Sea Scouts, with naval uniforms, nautical lingo and a saucy little ship that carries them from Portsmouth to Provincetown, and down under the Cape to Vineyard Haven. They take part in the rescue work in the Salem fire, and in various ways show what the Scout law—and the Scout spirit—do for a fellow. Perhaps the reviewer is extraordinarily ignorant, but again, perhaps there are boys, and even Boy Scouts, who did not know—or know much, at any rate—about the salt water members of the great brotherhood. Whether a boy has known about them or not, he is bound to like this book. Are all boys "crazy" about the sea, we wonder; or is that a special interest, appealing only to a majority? Certainly, those who do care for it do so passionately. But we rather suspect that sea stories have not quite the universal command of boy enthusiasm that army stories and machinery stories possess. It ought to be investigated.

Without professing deep and intimate knowledge of Eskimo nature and ways of living, one may venture to assert that Mr. Roy J. Snell, who tells in *Captain Kituk* how a youngster of "the frozen North" conceived a great ambition and made

good, does know all about those strange people and the bleak, hard land they live in. Kituk went into the great All-Alaska dog race, to win money to buy the ship he wanted. He meant to become a great trader, and win back the lost prosperity of his once powerful family. He almost won the race; would have won it if his soft heart could have endured the sight of a dog dying in the snow. He overcame one obstacle after another, because no setback killed his courage. American boys can get some excellent pointers from this plucky little Eskimo lad.

THE BOY SCOUTS OF KENDALLVILLE. By BREWER COREORAN. The Page Company. \$1.50.

CAMERON ISLAND. By EDWIN C. BURRITT. Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.25.

GRIT A-PLENTY. By DILLON WALLACE. Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.25.

BOY SCOUTS AT SEA. By ARTHUR A. CAREY. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.35.

CAPTAIN KITUK. By ROY J. SNELL. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.35.

Tales of Two Islands

RALPH HENRY BARBOUR and H. P. Holt have just written in *Lost Island* one of the best boys' stories published in years. The yarn has to do with Dave Hallard, a Brooklyn youngster com-



RALPH HENRY BARBOUR
CO-AUTHOR
with H. P. HOLT
of
"LOST ISLAND"

ing of a seafaring family, who just had to go to sea himself and who endured all sorts of hardships on one ship after another, supported through some of them by the picture in his mind of the wrecked ship Hatteras, of which an old sailor had told him. The Hatteras had gone down with platinum aboard and platinum was worth \$100 an ounce.

Dave got on the Kingfisher, bound for Adelaide and Fremantle, Australia, as cook's help and cabin boy. He made a friend of the chief engineer, MacTavish. MacTavish is a joy. He refers to the engine room as "the rattle box down below" and he remarks: "Dinna say I told you, but I have my suspicions these engines was once used by Noah in the ark."

Dave is shipwrecked once—twice—and marooned on a South Sea island. But this is the part of the world in which the Hatteras went down; and before leaving it Dave undertakes, with Bruce Tempest and a Kanaka named Jim, a treasure hunt. Now, you musn't ask to know any more here.

The Mystery of Ram Island, by Joseph Bushnell Ames, is a first rate boys' story too. Like *Lost Island*, it has lots of action. The tale centres about a Boy Scout camp.

Alan Blake had fought his parents' decision that he should spend the summer at the camp on Ram Island, mainly because he thought he would meet "only a

bunch of kids." But he met a bunch of regular fellows and the whole outfit had their hands full of circumventing German spies who were planning a secret submarine base and plotting to destroy a big munitions plant busy with Government orders. It's a wholesome and thoroughly exciting story. The boy won't quit till he finishes the last page.

LOST ISLAND. By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR and H. P. HOLT. The Century Company. \$1.35.

THE MYSTERY OF RAM ISLAND. By JOSEPH BUSHNELL AMES. The Century Company. \$1.35.

"The Book of Bravery"

IN these days of great deeds when men are fighting shoulder to shoulder to make this great world a safe and decent place to live in, Henry Wysham Lanier's *The Book of Bravery* has a whole lot of interest.

When one thinks of it, "bravery" is a most comprehensive term. "Some men are naturally intrepid," says Mr. Lanier, "but the bravest are those who fear and conquer it. And there is almost no limit to the possibilities of training one's nature to encounter danger coolly; not only can one form a habit of attacking the difficult thing, of calmly measuring and meeting what would once have sent him flying into a panic, but there comes after a while a realization of that physiological fact that 'danger makes us more alive.'"

In order to get the most out of life we must first rid ourselves of fear and be able to summon all the resources of mind and body to meet an emergency. We find a kind of delight, it often seems, in facing almost anything just to experience it.

These tales which Mr. Lanier has carefully gathered together of heroic deeds of men in every age, many of them well known, are "their best own excuse." Wherever possible these stories are told in the words of the chief actors or those of eye witnesses and they are arranged according to an ascending scale of courage.

In a few instances Mr. Lanier has taken it upon himself to add scenes which were probable in order to round out the picture or to make it more vivid, but only,

as he says, "where this was possible without violating historical accuracy."

From Caesar Borgia's escape from his well earned enemies to Father Damien, who devoted his life to the lepers of Molokai with a slow and hideous death always before him, these stories run what Mr. Lanier rightly calls "the gamut of human courage." They exhibit courageousness of the more primitive type and progress to some memorable instances of disciplined bravery.

Take Cervantes, who gave the world *Don Quixote*. Cervantes had joined the army at the age of twenty-three years with a reputation as one of the most promising young poets of Spain. That poets are made of sterner stuff was shown at the battle of Lepanto on October 7, 1571. Among the tales of daring is one of Fridtjof Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, who set the flag of his native land at the furthest north in 1897. How Horatius held the bridge, how "Mad Anthony" Wayne took Stony Point, Custer's last fight and the capture of Quebec are all in *The Book of Bravery*.

Another narrative in the volume deals with John Paul Jones, and still another with the first American Admiral, David Farragut, who stood in the port rigging and from his exposed post watched the battle.

Two stories in *The Book of Bravery* deal with the present war. The first is an account of the single handed capture of a machine gun from the enemy by George Wilson, a Scotchman, and the rescue by him of a wounded comrade. Wilson was afterward presented with the Victoria Cross. The other is about A. J. Warneford, a young Canadian aviator who downed a German raiding Zeppelin within the German lines. The fight is given in detail. Warneford, on the day after the battle, had the Victoria Cross bestowed upon him by King George by telegram and upon the recommendation of Gen. Joffre the Cross of the Legion of Honor also rewarded his feat. Other deeds of this war as courageous as these will no doubt be gathered together to make up just such another volume as this.

This volume is a veritable treasury for boy and girl. It is splendidly illustrated.

THE BOOK OF BRAVERY. By HENRY WYSHAM LANIER. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

Plenty of Action!

NEVER has there been such a season for boys' books. Some folks think the men of 14 to 16 are too busy with war work in gardens and the various "drives" for the sale of stamps and bonds to bother with stories, but the publishers do not hold this view.

Eugene Charles Henry de la Motte, Chevalier de Champclair, was having his complicated and thrilling adventure of *The Stolen Credentials* a few years earlier than Frank Fowler, the Cash Boy, made his climb up in the world. He may have known in the army Oliver Optic's Tom Somers. Gene came to America from France in search of his uncle. The fatherless lad landed in New York after adventures on the sea, and his uncle, after serving in the Mexican war, was away off at the other side of this broad continent. Between them interposed not only the many broad American miles but the scheming and plotting of a young impostor who tried to supplant Gene with the rich uncle. The boys of to-day may read with wonder—but not much admiration, we guess—of the New York of the horse car era. A good, lively yarn.

Tom Kerry played *The Big Game* not on diamond or gridiron, but partly in the dean's office and partly in the field house. Tom was a particular bright star in the sky of college athletics—he kept clear of "conditions," too, and was a second group man in his studies, besides being careful of cuts—a pitcher who almost tamed the Giants, a fullback equally great in splitting the middle of the line or wearing through a broken field; and, just to fill in, when laid up by a bad soldier, ready and able to pull an oar in the varsity shell when Princeton—no, Haledon—won a heart-recking race from Franklin, which looks very like Cornell.

Scout Lonny Drake became a "potatrot" in 1917, a private in the war farm army. The story's full of good, brisk, outdoor sport. There's a very remarkable bear in it; also a mystery, and it ends, of all things, with a wedding. How

should like to know if the boys share at all our bemusement over the fact that the author of a Scout book is a lady! She and the story make good, all right, but—

Henry Harper of the Wireless Patrol burned with youthful indignation when he heard how German spies were giving information to their corrupt Government about the sailing of American troop transports. He volunteered the services of the troop and Washington put them on the job! The result, it seems to us, serves to show the advisability of using boys to release men for war service. While the Wireless Patrol is available it is sheer extravagance to support the secret service. But of course the spies may not always use so simple a cipher as those that Mr. Theiss's scouts unravelled.

THE STOLEN CREDENTIALS. By OCTAVE Robert J. Shores. \$1.50.
THE BIG GAME. By LAWRENCE PERRY. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.
SCOUT DRAKE IN WAR TIME. By ISABEL HORNIBROOK. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.35.
THE SECRET WIRELESS. By LEWIS E. THEISS. W. A. Wilde Company. \$1.25.

Gentlemen At Arms

They were all that—enlisted men and officers alike. These are stories of the men who fight on land and sea. All the science of war is here, too, but it is the men that draw you. The author, who signed himself "Centurion," is a British Staff Officer who has been under fire at the fronts from Flanders to Verdun. He knows and he can write. Ask your bookseller.

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